

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Puck

PUBLISHED BY  
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ON THE WRONG SCENT.

Puck:—"Give it up, my friends, that's something like Mr. Stewart, but it isn't he."



## PUCK.

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FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS.

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## SPECIAL NOTICES.

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Americans in Paris, hitherto reduced to "Punch," "Fun" and "Judy," will now find their natural paper on file at the "Herald" Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opéra.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications, and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Our advertising friends are only required to pay bills presented on the billheads of PUCK, with our stamp IMPRESSED HEREON. KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

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## THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

MR. BARNUM has probably copyrighted the above title, but we are quite sure the genial showman— isn't he a genial showman?—will lend it us for a little, because the language is too poor to give any other combination of words which so well describes our semi-annual circus at Washington.

President Hayes, who sets the show a-going, has told us a great many things in his message that we knew, and some things that we didn't know. We were aware that the yellow fever shows itself occasionally down South, and that people have been known to die of it—though this is rare. Somebody, too, had anticipated the guileless Rutherford in reporting that the French had been holding a Centennial in Paris this year—but the rumor, after all, lacks confirmation, and we're not going to swallow it, even with Hayes's endorsement.

These are some of the things that we know—but when he begins to talk about a navy and Indian cavalry auxiliaries, and Southern outrages, we are reluctantly compelled to confess our crass ignorance of such matters, and must decline to consider the message any further.

The noble army of legislative martyrs who sacrifice themselves on the altar of patriotism so disinterestedly for the welfare of their unthankful constituents, are on hand.

They wouldn't go willingly, but stern duty calls, and they must obey. And then perhaps it is better to draw one's own salary, although filthy lucre is of no consequence when the good of the country is being considered.

Puck wonders what Congress intends to do for the good of the country. Is it going to make us all healthy, wealthy and wise? or is Mr. Jay Gould to have any more fun with Union Pacific, or Mr. Thomas Scott to carry out his little railroad games? Mr. Shipbuilder Roach will probably want to have his say about subsidies, and there will be others of his kidney.

If Puck's opinion is worth anything, he doesn't think Congress is going to kill itself with legislation this time.

It would be better if, without a moment's delay, both houses resolved themselves into one gigantic committee of investigation. Let them investigate everything—the worse the better: Yellow fever, Stewart's body, Limburger cheese, Jim Keene's wheat corner, Grant for a third term, the Afghan war, the price of roasted peanuts, and Chin Lan Pin.

With such as these, with a few solitary instances of misappropriation of public funds, and any little ring or other scandal that may be in process of development, there will be no lack of business, which will be vastly more entertaining than prosaic debates on bills that never pass unless substantially lobbied.

Investigate by all means, and let commerce and other interests of the country take care of themselves.

## A GOOD RIDDANCE TO BAD RUBBISH.

HOW delicious it would be if the love, which the effete dynasties of Europe are known to entertain for America, would lead them to unite in making our own Hiram Ulysses the Boss-King of Bulgaria. This would be a great thing for Ulysses, a huge thing for America, and as for Bulgaria, she don't count for much, anyhow.

It seems to us that this is a programme which, like those of the Variety Theatres, would "give general satisfaction."

Just think of it!—What a soothing balm it would convey to the souls of Messrs. Blaine, Conkling and the horde of Presidential aspirants, to know that old Grant was out of the way—fancy what a delight it would be to Boss Shepherd (who, if accounts are correct, is rather hard up for drinks just now) should be offered the Portfolio of the Bulgarian treasury. And the honest Robeson—what glory would be in his immediate future if he could be Minister of Marine and line the banks of the Danube with another rotten navy.

There are outposts in Bulgaria which would afford glorious opportunities to the bearded Belknap. Parson Newman could, as Royal Chaplain to his Majesty, convert the heathen and christianize the Jew at a salary of his own fixing. While G. Washington Childs, A. M., as Royal Harpist, would sing the obituary praises of those who died under the Parson's ministrations.

Babcock, Richardson, the Whiskey Ring, and millions of others who are generically known as disciples of Grantism, would fill all the ocean steamships en route for Bulgaria, leaving their country for their country's good.

Thus it seems to us that all hands, both the emigrants for Bulgaria and the stay-at-homes in America, could toss up their hats and sing pæons of jubilation.

This is about as safe a way as we know of for purifying American politics; and we call upon the Czar, Bismarck and all the high Tom-noddies of Europe to secure Grant at once, and put the Royal Bulgarian purple upon him, for he would be, undoubtedly, there, the right man in the right place.

To merchants having large shipping interests between here and Europe, we need merely hint how ocean traffic would be stimulated, a man might almost step from bowsprit to stern of the long line of vessels stretching across the Atlantic conveying American whisky to the Court of King Grant—Boss of Bulgaria.

THE Stewart traditions are rigidly adhered to by Judge Hilton, who presented Miss Bishop Littlejohn, on her marriage, with another of those point lace handkerchiefs that the truant dead dry-goods man used to keep on hand for such contingencies.

## Puckerings.

Bored of Education—A lazy school-boy.

A PAIR of drawers—Straws in a lemonade.

DIRE distress—Falling into a vat of cochineal.

A PRIMA DONNA is naturally a timid creature, for her art is always in her throat.

SANCTUM money—Money in the cash-drawer of a religious paper—if there ever is any.

A JOKE from *Punch* is like a marble slab under a pier glass; held up by brackets.

WHY is an equilateral hyperbola like a logarithm? *Answer*—Be cosecant climb a tree.

HOW HAYES must pray that to him the power may be given, like a second Joshua, to command the *Sun* to stop!

"ONCE more upon the breeches," as the old gentleman remarked, slinging his disobedient offspring over his knee.

MIGHT not one of the Siamese twins appropriately have said of the other that he was his brother "annexed of kin?"

JUST imagine the feelings of the man, who, the first day out, comes face to face, on the deck of a European steamer, with the creditor whom he has successfully dodged for the past nine months!

THERE's many a young man has yielded his seat in a street-car to a young lady, because he feared that if he remained seated much longer, his new pants would be irrecoverably bulged out at the knees.

THE tramp may not be able to square a circle; but only give him the chance, and he'll prove to you that he can get 'round a square meal with a mathematical completeness that will astound you.

DR. MARY WALKER was arrested for wearing trousers. This is too bad. If we go without these things Comstock finds fault, and if a fell—person wears them, the police object. What is to be done?

"NEVER put off until to-morrow," &c., is an excellent maxim most of the time, but in the name of all the gods at once, don't breathe it in the presence of the man who has already had his shirt on for eleven days.

THE season for church fairs is fast approaching, and we desire all fair-minded men to understand that if they find more than oysters two in their oyster stew, it is some fearful mistake, and they are in all honor bound to return the extra bivalve.

"FENCING has almost ceased to be an accomplishment among our young men."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

It has not entirely died out. We caught a young man practicing it about 12 o'clock last night. Her father had locked the gate.

SOME one has remarked that the disappearance of an umbrella is always preceded by barometrical depression. Has the same observing genius noticed that a change from summer to winter underclothing is invariably followed by a rise in the thermometer?



## THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.



## AN INDIGNATION MEETING AT THE ACADEMY.

There's a flutter of fright in the bunch of roses  
Up in the Opera dressing-rooms,  
Like a whiff of wind that clouds and closes  
The tender petals of garden blooms.  
For Lundberg with legal terrors laden  
The peace and calm of their days has vexed;  
The babies are gone, and the ballet maiden  
Of tender years thinks, "I may come next."  
And with tremulous terrors she feels her pulse stir,  
Fearing that Comstock the cruel may say  
That she must extinguish herself in an ulster,  
Or dance in trousers the new ballet.

## FIAT WISDOM.

BY A FIATIST.

WASHINGTON never brooded over a lie if he did hatchet.

DENTISTRY ought to be profitable—it's pretty generally a pa-inful business.

THE *Graphic* advises people to "Pay as they go." Some people do—but they go most awful slow.

A RULE that works both ways is not always a good one, since in that case it must be well to do wrong if it is wrong to duel.

A YOUNG lady by the name of Spoake was married in Kansas City the other day. She got tired of a fellow and wanted a hub.

OLD King David was using his horoscope one day, and he saw Eli Perkins. So he hastily concluded—"All men are liars."

THE eastern papers begin to see that "communism doesn't take." Possibly so, but communists do, and most of 'em take it straight.

TALK about "woman glorying in her hair!" There's a woman out here in Kansas who is anxious to have her hair come out. She's baldheaded.

SENATOR PLUMB frequently pears.—*Boston Post*. But never peaches.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.* And his apple-lard indicates his position towards his constituency.

"ISN'T it a fact," asks a friend at our elbow, "that a 'stuck-up' girl is usually good for nothing?" We pride ourself on our galiantry, but anyhow she's maiden vain.

## WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.

AND in these days the small-boy that is of a sanguine and a provident disposition getteth his club-skates into readiness against the freezing of the waters. And in like manner the wise undertaker who is also provident and far-seeing, after his kind, getteth ready a small size of children's extra-mahogany, and ticketeth the same "very stylish."

And in these days the maiden who hath her eye on a fifty-dollar locket createth for her male cousin a worsted bull-pup with bead eyes and a pen wiper riveted into his tail, and the total cost of that bull-pup shall be seven cents and two mills. And he shall increase and multiply and bring forth fruit a thousandfold about Christmas time.

And also in these days do the wise men and rulers of the nation, being gathered together in the Capitol of the land, hold solemn and improving counsel upon the woes and the wants of the people. And thereafter, the counsel being finished, they descend into the small room in the basement, and the hiring in charge thereof asketh of them: "Yea, now, make answer unto me, O ye wise men and rulers, and say which ye will make it." And they make answer and say unto him, each according to his will, either "Stationery with sugar," or "Fuel, two fingers."

Also at this season the youth who would fain be flush for the holiday season striketh the friend of his bosom for five dollars and investeth in a lottery ticket, and until such time as the drawing thereof shall take place, he dreameth, yea, he dreameth incessantly, and he setteth it solid in his own mind that he will draw the prize of one hundred thousand dollars. And he disposeth of that one hundred thousand dollars before he receiveth it, and he planneth folly and iniquity and those things that bring forth sick headache and the craving for soda-water. And on the morning of the drawing he waketh up and rusheth for the paper, and discovereth that the lottery hath been pulled and that the dealer thereof hath fled, and that there is not left of that lottery so much as the office-boy, the same being in Ludlow Street jail. Therefore is there sadness in the heart of the youth, and cursing like cold-cream upon his lips.

Now also is the time when the young man, the desire of whose heart is to be like unto an Englishman, goeth forth and attireth himself in a spotted necktie with a horse-shoe pin therein, and a bobtail coat, and round-toed shoes, and one heye-glass, and he seeketh out the tailor who covereth the legs of them that languish in this land, being exiled from Britain. And he speaketh unto the tailor in the tongue of them that walk to and fro on the street called Pell Mell, and which same is spelled Pall Mall. For their tongue is thick, and like as it were made of pudding, and he saith: "Lo, now, fashion for me a pair of pants." But the tailor maketh scornful reponse unto that young man, saying: "Go to, now; knowest thou not that pants is an Hamerican hinstitution? I build only for them that wears trousers." And confusion covereth that young man, as it were, as a garment and an extinguisher.

He kissed devotedly the hand that passed him the autograph album, and wrote therein: "I write my name upon this virgin page. Would I could inscribe it upon the purer scroll of your heart in that invisible ink which shall only appear as the thing upon which it is written is warmed at the fires of a love that takes no note of time."

That was a year ago. They are married now; and when she asks him for his autograph, in the shape of a goodly-sized check, to liquidate her millinery bill, he grasps that album, or a larger book, if handy, and slings it at her head.

## PUCK'S ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.



SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.

The second session of the Forty-fifth Congress commenced operations by the long-lost Vice-President Wheeler turning up and calling the Senate to order.

The Rev. Mr. Sunderland gave an awful dose of prayer, in which he invoked the Divine blessing on everything, especially the yellow fever and the Manhattan Bank robbery.

Sen. Harris, a Democrat from Tennessee, who by some mysterious dispensation of Providence didn't die during the recent scourge, submitted a resolution that yellow fever was a fraud and ought to be investigated.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

They had prayer here, too, Chaplain Harrison blessing the job. The President's Message was read by way of a digester.

Mr. Wood, who is supposed to represent New York Democrats, was pleased with that part of the message that referred to the Southern States. The South was the dearest, loveliest, most gentle section of the country, and never gave any trouble to anybody. If there was one man in the world whom he loved more than another, it was the President; and he hoped that noble individual would never be guilty again of saying anything against the sweet South, or he might forfeit his (Mr. Wood's) regard.

Mr. Garfield thought the President quite right and Mr. Wood quite wrong.

Mr. Townsend made a remark about "cipher telegrams."

SENATE.

Dec. 4th.

Senator Edmonds gave notice that he intended to try and make such alterations in the Revised Statutes of the United States that it would be impossible in future for fraud to be second triumphant in American history.

## RHYMES OF THE DAY.

ON fairy wings Christmas draws near,  
The air it is bracing and clear;  
And the youth gay and frisky,  
Instead of his usual beer,  
Takes whisky.

The sex rightly chooses its pals.  
If you'd be beloved of the "gals,"  
Smoke cigarettes pure,  
And don't defile your  
Mouth with those vile Caporals.

A LADY named Mary Magui-ah  
Had trouble in lighting her fi-ah;  
The wood being green,  
She used Kerosene.—  
(Pause. Then continue solemnly.)  
She has gone where the fuel is dryah.



## FROM TOUGH TO TENDER.

GENERAL B—N F. B—TL—R TO MRS.  
AGN—S D. J—NKS.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Dec. 2.



RICH and rare and racy dame,  
Sweet source of joy, fair fount of joking!  
Pardon my daring—do not blame  
What follows of your own provoking.  
Behold, I write—dare trace with ink  
My thoughts, full knowing all the danger!  
(Ah, shade of Weber, only think  
Of thine old friend and my young stranger!)

I'm not dictated to in this;  
I shan't dictate it to another;  
My own hand opens the gates of bliss  
Or brings me everlasting bother.  
This gay old eye, so eloquent  
On themes that have no need of gender,  
Is powerless here; 'twas never meant  
To kindle up the passion tender.

The tender passion—there, 'tis out!  
I've done it now and I'll stand by it;  
I'll never throw a shady doubt  
On this my deed, much less deny it.  
I, Ben, am conquered. In one week  
Your modest mien and violet shyness  
Enslaved me—O Princess of Cheek,  
I do adore your Royal Highness!

Long before now I meant that I  
Should send this missive to my charmer;  
But I had different fish to fry  
With horny artisan and farmer.  
Now that my ruder cares are gone,  
I'll teach my tongue to tip the blarney,  
And banish to oblivion  
All memory of that cursed Kearney.

The longed-for day returns, sweet one;  
Investigation recommences;  
I burn with joy to think how soon  
Again you'll charm our souls and senses.  
Within my very heart of hearts  
I cherish the responses witty,  
And the enchanting little arts  
Wherewith you "sat on" our Committee.

Once on a time some fellow said  
'Twould take an effort superhuman  
To get fun through a Scotchman's head:  
What would he think of my Scotchwoman?  
Fair wanderer from the Land of Itch!  
Brass idol of my adoration!  
If you and I can only hitch  
We'll furnish fun for all creation.

You dear dissembler! I had long  
Believed no love-links could have bound me,  
Nor ever dreamed that one among  
Your sex could cast a spell around me,  
But see me now—the meekest slave  
That ever cringed to femininity!  
Ten thousand worlds in arms I'd brave  
For you, my new-found-out affinity.

You'll say, perhaps—"There's Tom, you know;  
My Thomas Jenks, who says I'm his'n."  
Perish Tom Jenks! why don't you go  
And cut the creature's worthless "wizzin!"  
Some night when he his couch has sought  
And snoring sound asleep you find him,  
Just hit him—but, on second thought,  
That fellow's nobody; don't mind him!

B. F. B. per FLOREY HEFF.

## LETTER OF TSIN-YANG-HI,

A CHINAMAN,  
TO HIS FRIENDS AND RELATIVES IN  
HONG-KONG.

(Translated from the Chinese by one of Puck's learned men.)

May Heaven save the Emperor and protect the  
Flowery Kingdom!

Dear friends:—Vishnu be praised! times are improving in the country of Melica where we have built our joss-houses. No longer are the children of the Flowery Kingdom assassinated at the Golden Gate, and the ambassadors of our most gracious Emperor have found a pleasant abode with the great ruler in his admirable city of Washington. They do not feed on mice and rats, but eat fine dishes and drink wis-kee, and many of the fair sex in the country show love unto them. In the proud city of New York there is plenty of room for John Chinaman, and John's Laundries are getting more numerous. In the street called Chatham where cloths of wonderful pattern, such as the foreigners wear, are sold, and in many other places, I notice the signs with Chinese letters, which gladdens my heart very much. I may without fear go into the street in the robes of my forefathers without getting killed. My friends wear cloths of the wonderful pattern, and they look like Melican men and walk proudly. If they meet a son of—Erin in the street, and who has a mind to beat them, they cry: "You go i. eshi!" and the "poliman" will politely step up and protect them.

It is a great country, and its future is great. The sons of the flowery kingdom will make it even greater; but at present their number is too small.

I have a great friend, who answers to the name of Oswalee Ottendolfee, and he is a learned man and mandarin, and he writes in our language and publishes a big paper in the Chinese language. And my friend Ottendolfee tells me that our rights and privileges are written in the great book at Washington, and nobody can compel us to leave this country where rice and roasted pig and bird's-nest soup are plenty for all.

There is great rejoicing among all of us, because Fi-zi-wang, who has earned a great many taels, has been admitted to Melican citizenship with great rights and high privileges. He will assist in electing the next Emperor of the Melican republic.

Many people and nations are gathered in this country. Among them a great many Germans who are a kindred people, their language is very much like to ours, and they pretend to have invented gunpowder, that is, some time after us. They wear pig-tails stealthily—that is, under their hats, while we wear them openly.

I work at a machine that makes shoes, and I have already earned many taels. I have lost some of my taels, which I had deposited at the house called "Teutonia." I have found a help-mate for Tsin-Yang-Hi; she is much more beautiful than the Chinese woman, and is called "Katrina" in German. Melican men are getting fewer in this country, and the Great Domi-

nion will ultimately belong to the Chinese, and all the world, and also the half-world (which is called demi-monde), will talk our beautiful and blooming language.

I pray for you daily. May heaven look upon you with a smile.

TSIN-YANG-HI.

## OUR INSANE ASYLUMS.

WE are always glad to note the beneficial effect of our cartoons on society at large, and we know well that a man can have no better guide in matters of morality and etiquette than a full file of Puck. But while we are glad to have the world mend its ways by our shining light, we recognize the fact that there is such a thing as over-doing the business.

When Mr. Keppler drew his excellent cartoon last week, pointing out the abuses of the lunatic asylums of this country, he did not mean to express a wish that all insane persons should be allowed to wander about at their own sweet will. Confinement is sometimes necessary for such people. Insane asylums have their uses, and we are pained to see, by the following communication, addressed to us, that the State of Iowa has misconstrued our idea, and let loose the inmates of her madhouses in a very injudicious way.

TRAER IOWA NOV. 25, 1878.  
TO PUCK.

Mr. Editor:

A friend of mine, sent me one of your valuable papers. (For which may he ever be blest) and on looking over it I chanced to alight on one of your articles entitled, "Gambling at Church fairs" I was struck and read it instantly, and was very well pleased with it until I came to a Paragraph (I think it was Paragraph 5th) One clause in particular aroused my ire. It was: "It may be noticed that those states which do not license lotteries are quite heathy." I read no farther. I was fairly disgusted. Now, my friend, I don't agree with you. Let me give my reasons.—Iowa as far as I know, anything about it, is as religious a little state as is in the union and as for licensing lotteries I don't think it ever thought of such a thing. Now you needn't hold up your hands in holy horror, for I ain't going to give you sundry cases of yellow fever. Oh, no! I will do nothing so foolish. All I wish to ask is: why is it that the people around are afflicted with fever and ague, lotteries or no lotteries And, why is it that now the people are getting better, our fowls, chickens especially are dying, and our turkeys are on the drop? You don't understand that, probably? Maybe you will when I tell you that. No turkey, means no Thanksgiving. Well you have no heart to sympathize with us, so I will close my rather lengthy epistle by asking why we are both affected and afflicted. Please give the answer to this conundrum in the next copy, and send me one as a complimentary at least, because I wish to see your club-rates.

P. S. Send me a paper for my great effort at least.

P. S. P. S. Please don't write me up, or connect me in any way with the cipher telegrams.

Address

E. MERRION

Evergreen, Iowa

WHAT makes a man's heart glad is to wake up on a Sunday morning, and find a drizzling rain falling—just enough to prevent his wife from going to church, and to make the fishing good.



## A RELAPSE.

IN that fair land of love where once I dwelt,  
Say! are the roses blooming still?  
Blows the soft breeze that once I felt  
O'er song-thronged wood, or mead, or sunny hill?

What is the song the birds are piping now?  
For they were singing in love-land  
The long day through, on every bough,  
When I walked there with Nellie hand in hand.

They could not help but sing, and so I think  
They did not end their song for me,  
Because my heart could no more drink  
Of love, or love-land's tender melody.

And is their singing full as sweet for those  
Who live there now—in that fair land—  
As twittered up from roods of rose,  
When walked there with Nellie hand in hand?

Adown the valleys ever fell the streams,  
And pearly petaled flowers drew  
Their balmy breath—Oh! still in dreams  
I kiss away their shining tears of dew.

So long I for a glimpse of that blue sky,  
The scent of lilies and heartsease,  
That, truly, I'm inclined to try  
Another voyage thither—with Louise.

C. C. STARKWEATHER.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.



No LXVII.

SUNDRY TOPICS AND  
A WEAKNESS.

Ya-as, since that  
aw quite tolerwable  
dinnaw on the  
Thanksgiving  
generwal holiday when  
we had turkey and  
othah things, yer  
know, I am aw just  
fwee to confess that  
I was just a twifle

interwested in the appearwance and mannah  
of the Amerwican girl who sat on my wight.  
Couldn't weally say for certain that I am gwa-  
vitating towards being "spoons" or anything  
so awfully widiculous as that, but still it is a  
d-d-doosid queer sort of feeling.

Jack Carnegie is a d-d-devil of a fellow to  
chaff, and he cwelly wemarks that he believes  
it is this wepublican cweature that pwevents  
my wunning up to Canada to say how de do  
aw to the Lornes, who, I am given to under-  
stand, have now taken up their wesidence in  
Hotwatah, or a name resembling it.

Why they call a place Hotwatah when it is  
so verwy cold, is something more than I can  
compwehend, but I suppose I shall find out the  
weason when I get there.

The Wosemarwys and the Alsters are, I he-ah,  
in a dweadful wage at some aw verwy pwopah  
wemarks I believe I made about them. Aw, how  
verwy absurd, yer know. It is weally of no use  
for these indifferwent aw common people—I  
wefer to the Ousters—endeavorwng, to be so  
verwy gwand on the gwound that they have  
money. It will take centurwies for them to get  
weally wespectable, and besides aw some fellow  
has witten a pwoverb about what's bwed in the  
aw flesh will newaw gwow out of the bones.

I shall always tweat such people just as the  
spirwit moves me. It is immaterwial to me if  
it worwies them, faw I always say what I think,  
pwowided it is not too much of a baw.

## FASHION'S FOLLIES.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE  
FOR MUSIC MANIACS.

THE LIGHT GUITAR WALKING  
COSTUME.  
(Couldn't guit ar prettier one.)



THE CITHERN POLONAISE.  
(Intended to pull on aisy.)



THE FIDDLE-DE-DEE STREET DRESS.  
(Rear view, with Kettledrum Toilet,  
for young ladies not yet come out.)



LOVE BY TELEPHONE.

(These long trains will necessitate electric signals, the next thing we know.)

The operwa is still going on, and Jack and I  
and some othah fellows stwoll in there quite  
fwrequently. Amerwica does not appear to have  
improved Mapleson. He twies to do it verwy  
heavy. Jack thinks it an awfully good joke the  
fellow calling himself a Colonel he-ah, when he  
is only in command of a wotten volunteah  
wegiment in London. But I suppose the tag-  
wag and bobtail of Amerwica have a special  
admirwation faw militarwy titles.

Jack is not quite sure that he may not get a  
telegwam to join his wegiment. Our twoops,  
yer know, are having anothah scwimmage with  
the wulaw of a place called Afghanistan, but  
all these wesidents are extwemely poor cwea-  
tures, and of course we shall thrwash them, al-  
though it is watah a nuisance to be twoubled  
with such a wetched affair.

The Amerwican Parliament has just been  
opened by the Emperwor, Wutherford the First,  
in Washington. People send Jack and me  
pwessing invitations to go there and wevel in  
the gayeties of the season. Season!—haw!  
haw! Fancy weveling in gayety there. Be-  
sides, I wecollect going befaw, and it was fwight-  
fully slow. But the Thorntons have weturned,  
and they are decent. So perhaps we may go.

But, *wevenons a nos moutons*, I have half a  
mind to adopt the Amerwican fashion, and visit  
the aw young lady to whom I have weferred  
pwewiously. I wondaw if she's an idiot, or if,  
on the othah hand, she has anything to say faw  
herself. It's very queer that I should bothah  
myself about the mattah; but, aftah all, I think  
it will be necessarwy for me to pay my we-  
spects aw.



# EDISON!!!!

## THE GREATEST INVENTION YET.

### MACHINE FOR PROMOTING COMBUSTION.

## THE POKER-PYROSTAT.

### PUCK AT MENLO PARK.

SCARCELY has society recovered its equanimity after the extraordinary state of excitement in which it had been thrown by Mr. Edison's wonderful discovery with regard to the unlimited division of the electric light, which has happily sealed the fate of the tyrannical gas-companies, when civilization is once more on its beam ends through another startling invention of Mr. Edison, which puts the electric light, the phonograph, the quadruplex telegraph instrument, and the telephone, completely in the shade.

Before we proceed to describe this last and greatest outcome of Mr. Edison's god-like brain, it may not be out of place to consider when this sort of thing is to stop. What is to become of us poor mortals, and the world generally, if Mr. Edison is to be permitted to go on thus recklessly inventing with impunity? No one can tell what a day may bring forth. How do we know that we may not wake up one fine morning to find our globe being dragged through space by powerful electric motors and urging on its wild career towards the milky way, only to come to an anchor in the neighborhood of Sirius or Mars' moons? What is there to prevent Edison from sweeping suddenly off the face of the earth John Kelly and our dearly beloved Tammany, or disseminating by some electric device the demon of efficiency among our much maligned police and street-cleaning commissioners? The subject is really too horrible to contemplate. At any rate, something must be done—and we call upon Congress to take the question into consideration without a moment's delay, as to whether society is justified in allowing this Electricster Edison to live. But then, who could kill him? We are quite sure we couldn't. So we pause for a reply.

### THE POKER-PYROSTAT.

A PUCK reporter was dispatched to interview the magician respecting the Poker-Pyrostas. It was seven o'clock in the evening and quite dark when the train rolled out of the dépôt for Menlo Park. Suddenly it became lighter than noon-day, although it was only two miles from Jersey City. The Puck man for the moment felt puzzled, when he recollected that the electric light was in full operation, and that its effulgent rays threw, as it were, daylight within a radius of thirty miles of Menlo. This premature brightness seemed to bother the birds, many of them, after getting up, being much chagrined at finding no early worms about. By the way, the Sun (not Dana's) has yet to be heard from, and it is rumored that the great luminary will employ Ben Butler to move for an injunction on Edison's light, on the ground that it is an infringement on his patent-rights, and a base attempt to bring the light which he has distributed so liberally for years into disfavor.

On arriving at Menlo the Puck reporter was instantly electro-pneumatically into Mr. Edison's office. This apartment has been so often described that it would be a matter of supererogation to particularize its features. After tenderly embracing the Puck man, Mr. Edison said: "Come into the sub-cellar, it's too light here." We followed him to the rather damp cellar, and it was quite a relief from the brilliancy on the surface. Edison lit a tallow-candle, and then expressed his readiness to talk. "I guess you want to know something about the Poker-Pyrostas," he remarked, as he took off his trousers to pick his teeth with, at the same time

putting one of his boots on his head for a hat, and abstractedly chewing a piece of 2-inch bar-iron. "Well, the thing is simple enough, although I've had to experimentalize like the very devil to bring it to perfection. But I've done it. The difficulty, you see, was in the handle. Everybody knows what a coal-fire is, and how badly it usually burns. Now that trouble is at an end with my Poker-Pyrostas. It can be constructed of almost any material, but tempered steel is the most suitable. It consists of a bar of metal about three feet in length, with a polished and ornamented handle. The end of the Poker-Pyrostas, that is to say, the part which comes in contact with the combustion and forms my patent electro-caloric current, is square, slightly pointed and unpolished, but well finished—although Poker-Pyrostas could be made at almost any price from five cents upwards. Here is a cheap substitute that I use to poke the fire sometimes." (And Mr. Edison handed the reporter something that looked very much like a piece of a charred broomstick, but of course it wasn't.) "All you have to do is to grasp the instrument firmly, shove it in the fire among the coals, stir them about, and there is a blaze immediately."

"Wonderful," the Puck man exclaimed.

"Yes, I do take some little credit to myself. It ain't a bit complicated, a child might use it, but of course, for it to act with proper effect, a little practice in manipulation is required."

PUCK MAN—"But so simple a contrivance will have many imitators."

EDISON (*hanging by his eyebrows to roof of cellar*)—"Oh, no! I've patented every step of the invention. Haven't I, Belzebug? (*calling down a telephone—A voice: 'Yes.'*) That's one of my men who's at Windsor Castle, just 3,225 miles away—he's been making a gold Poker-Pyrostas for Queen Victoria's kitchen fire. This thing, you see, can be used as a weapon of defense, too; when it gets into general use tramps and surly wives had better look out."

PUCK MAN—"How did you find it out?"

EDISON—"That's a bit of a secret—but when

I've got it patented everywhere I'll tell you. At Ujiji I've had some bother—the authorities there claim that it has been known for thousands of years; but that's nonsense—it's impossible."

The Puck man scouted the idea.

"But," continued Edison, as he cut off his left thumb and put it in his pocket, "I've got a company formed here to run the thing everywhere. I expect to manufacture and to get royalty on at least 5,000,000 Poker-Pyrostas within the next year. I shall make a large fire here in a few months and invite people here to come and see it worked."

"Do the shovel and tongs, which I understand are largely used in England, infringe on your patent?" inquired Puck.

"No, not at all; the inventors of those things can't divide the current to the extent which I can. That's where I'm ahead. My principle is simple enough. The heat given off by the sun would melt 287,200,000 cubic miles of ice every second; it would consequently require the combustion of thirty feet of coal over the entire surface of the sun every second to generate the same heat—therefore the sun is 320,000 times as large as this earth. Now, my Poker-Pyrostas rectifies the real and apparent error more by its dynamic force, combined with the adustion and flagration up to the handle, than any intrinsic incandescence it may possess in its carbonization. Further, if by the aid of diathermancy and transcalency you put a head on the isothermal electro-carbolic and calorific torrefaction—why there you are."

"Naturally," said the Puck man, emerging from the cellar; and, thanking Mr. Edison for his kindness, caught the 3 A.M. train for New York, where he arrived a much wiser man.

It may not be generally known that Mr. Edison is about giving to the world other triumphs of his inventive skill. Among them is, we believe, an article for measuring and conveying food to the mouth, called a knife-and-forkyometer; and another for drinking purposes, the cup-and-saucerometer.

## SHOP WINDOWS AS A SUBSTITUTE



for the theatre which the virtuous Comstockites think it wicked to attend.



## TO MARY ANN FLAHERTY.

W HENE'ER I sit at my landlady's table,  
Oft toward the kitchen do I steal a look,  
To catch, if by some happy chance I'm able,  
A glimpse of thee, sweet Mary Ann the cook.

Oh! Mary Ann! to me thou art as dear as  
To British snobs the trappings of a "dook;"  
And greater charms than foaming lager beer has  
To thirsty men, thou hast for me, O cook!

Well! thou preparest oyster pies and salmon,  
Ambrosial soups found in no cookery-book;  
The minted sauce that's poured the roasted lamb on,  
Most savory is when made by thee, sweet cook.

Let others joy in bright eyes, handsome faces,  
In conversation like a rippling brook,  
In faultless forms and perfect female graces,  
But leave to me dear Mary Ann the cook.

For beauty fades, wisdom and wit are fleeting,  
To make fine figures cotton oft is "took";  
But naught in life is half so good as eating—  
Wherefore I love thee, Mary Ann the cook.

And though the world may sneer at the disparity  
Betwixt my sphere and thine, I'd like to crook  
My knees with thee before the priest, Miss Flaherty,  
In Hymen's bonds to make thee my own cook.

W. M. LINDSAY.

## QUITE THE CHEESE.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I am constrained by a perhaps too sensitive conscience to address you a communication on a subject of almost vital interest to the public at large. I am well aware that in so doing I violate a confidence reposed in me by a man who will probably be beggared by the revelation which I am about to make; but I can no longer hold in check my overflowing soul; and I feel that I must pour forth the horrors that are within me, even if I lose thereby what few shreds of self-respect that still cling about the personal identity which I would fain veil under a pseudonym.

And even if I were to keep my lips sealed, how much longer can the awful exposure be averted? Some day or other the fatal disclosure must come, and a shocked public may as well hear me now as wait to receive the communication from a possibly less sympathetic source.

Ah! I must throw off the mask, for to wear it longer stifles me.

Mr. Editor—you whose eagle eye is forever scanning the political, social and scientific horizon—can you have failed to observe, of late, the phenomenal growth of three strange and abnormal phases of our civilization?

Let me mention them in logical order:

1st.—The general increase of the German element throughout the country.

2d.—The consequent introduction and popularization of the article of food known as LIMBURGER CHEESE.

3d.—The alarming prevalence of the Great American Dyspepsia.

You have observed them? I thought you had. Now, sir, let me ask you to observe one thing more, that may have escaped that eagle eye.

4th.—The mad epidemic of body-snatching which is now spreading its vampire wings over our beloved country.

You had observed that, too? Ah! I might have known it. That eagle eye is a capable and trustworthy organ. And besides, now I think of it, I remember that your supremely

talented artist *did* have a cartoon or two on some such subject, a little while ago. Yes, that is a fact.

But neither the artist nor the eye has, it appears, put these four premises together and drawn a conclusion therefrom. Well, there are some heights to which Imagination cannot soar. It is reserved for business-like reality to hoist itself to those elevations.

Many years ago, Mr. Editor, I was a happy, innocent boy at school. I knew naught of the wickedness of the world: I trusted in humanity. I trusted in a pale boy with a white eye. Yes, sir, one of my childish companions answered to that description. This was before the days of Jesse Pomeroy; and yet I might have known—but I anticipate. He was my cherished companion—the sharer of my youthful pleasures, my Latin Grammar and my molasses candy. Unpopular with the rest of his playmates, I believe he cherished for me as sincere an affection as it was in his nature to feel for any human being.

We grew to hobble-de-hoyhood together. There is much of joy, of pathos, of wierd beauty in these simple words; but I will not stop to enlarge upon them. Suffice it to say that when our all too brief school-days were over, we parted—I to a dry-goods store: he to a theological seminary.

And I trusted him still.

After our separation I heard no word from him for many years. I did, indeed, learn that he had been expelled from the seminary for over-doing it; but I learned no particulars; and even the memory of my chum was gradually wiped from the tablets of my mind by the pressure of business.

Well, Time wags his ceaseless course from childhood to senility. He wagged me out of the dry-goods business, and into various speculative enterprises, including matrimony. That wag nearly finished me—but I digress. Yet let me observe parenthetically that so did She. My wife would at any moment digress from the direct line of discussion to wield the rare and radiant rolling-pin which seemed to be her special *forte*. She had no regard for continuity of argument. But never mind. Let us only hope that she swings a fire-proof rolling-pin where she is gone now.

Years had passed; and other years had taken it up and gone it alone when I met my boyhood's friend again—this time in Brooklyn.

"What!" I cried; "I thought you were expelled from that theological seminary?"

He explained to me that his presence in that peculiar city was, like mine, purely accidental.

We sought a convenient locality to talk over old times. While I am on this point, let me say that in my opinion a 5-cent schooner ought to hold somewhat more than a glass and one tablespoonful, if it wants to keep up its reputation—even if the beer is watered. But I digress again.

I told my friend the story of my life since our last meeting. He was not so communicative. Perhaps he had his reasons. But I did not suspect him.

He informed me, however, that he was doing fairly in his business. I inquired the nature of his business. He said he was in the manufacturing line. He did not go into details; but added that he was then making two thousand dollars a year, and that, with ten thousand additional capital, he could easily bring his annual income up to twenty.

Shall I cut a long story short? I shall? Then I will. Listen. Inside of a month my friend asked me if I knew of a man with \$10,000 at his disposal. I had incidentally mentioned to him that my own fortune consisted of that sum. I reminded him of the fact.

He borrowed the money.

His offer was a liberal one—7 per cent. and

an interest in the business. What was the nature of that business he would not tell me; but the security that he gave me was excellent, beyond all doubt; and I let the collaterals lull to sleep my suspicions, and handed over to him my ten thousand dollars.

Do not think I am going to tell you the trite tale of a swindled dupe. Far from it. My friend was, in a business sense, thoroughly honest in his dealings with me. I am to-day, thanks to that investment, a rich man.

A rich man! But with what ill-gotten wealth.

It was only after months of close intimacy that my friend decided to take me into his confidence. Then, having probably decided that, whatever might be my feelings on the subject, self-interest would guarantee my secrecy, he asked me to come and see for myself what he was doing in "the manufacturing line."

I followed that white-eyed vampire—whether?

Mr. Editor—to Hunter's Point!

Into that vast and awful wilderness of smells—that Hades of foul odors—I followed the man with the Albino optic. We reached a long, low building, situated in the very centre of the perfumed district—in the heart of the stink, so to speak.

Before entering it my friend produced a small apparatus something like a clothes-pin with a vinaigrette on the end of it. This he placed upon his nose; and with another similar one he prevailed upon me to ornament my olfactory attachment. It took very little prevailing, I may remark.

"But what do you manufacture here?" I asked, appalled.

"You shall see!" he replied, mysteriously.

As we crossed the threshold, an unusually strong gust of air all but neutralized the effect of the salts in my vinaigrette; but we kept stoutly on. We entered first a large, bare office, where several clerks were seated at their desks, each with a clothes-pin and smelling-bottle on his nose. A fountain of eau de Cologne played gracefully in the centre of the room. That remark, it will be seen, contains the potentialities of a pun. But I digress again.

"Have the bodies arrived?" asked my friend, in a hollow tone.

"Three of them," responded one of the clerks.

"Let us see."

And we saw. Opening a door, we passed into another room, with numerous shelves on the walls. These shelves were untenanted, save by three ghastly corpses, in an advanced stage of decomposition.

"This one here, sir," said the clerk, indicating the nastiest, "is a prime western article. He came in from Ohio last night. A strong, fine article—best we've ever had, sir."

My partner stirred him up with a stick, and expressed his approbation.

Through the courtesy of another of the clerks, I was supplied with a basin, and we proceeded to the next apartment.

Here a large force of workmen were busily engaged in working a sort of brownish paste, contained in large vats. They poked it vigorously with long iron rods. I asked what it was.

"Guano," replied my partner. "Here and there you observe a greenish tinge. That is Sauer Kraut."

"But what—?" I began.

"Wait," he interrupted me. "You shall know all, in due time. 'William'—to the clerk—'Have we enough assafetida?'"

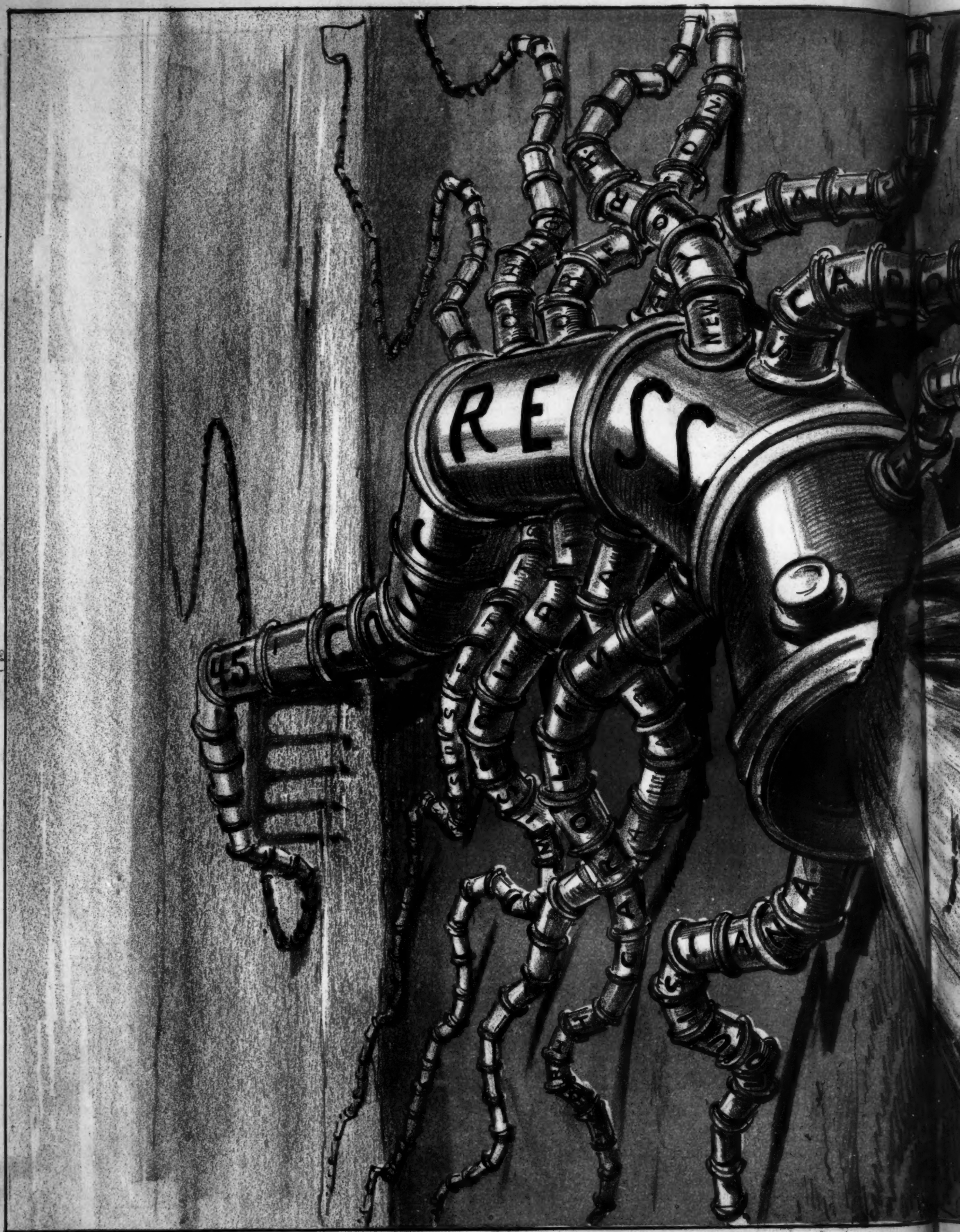
"Yes, sir."

"And how about the oil?"

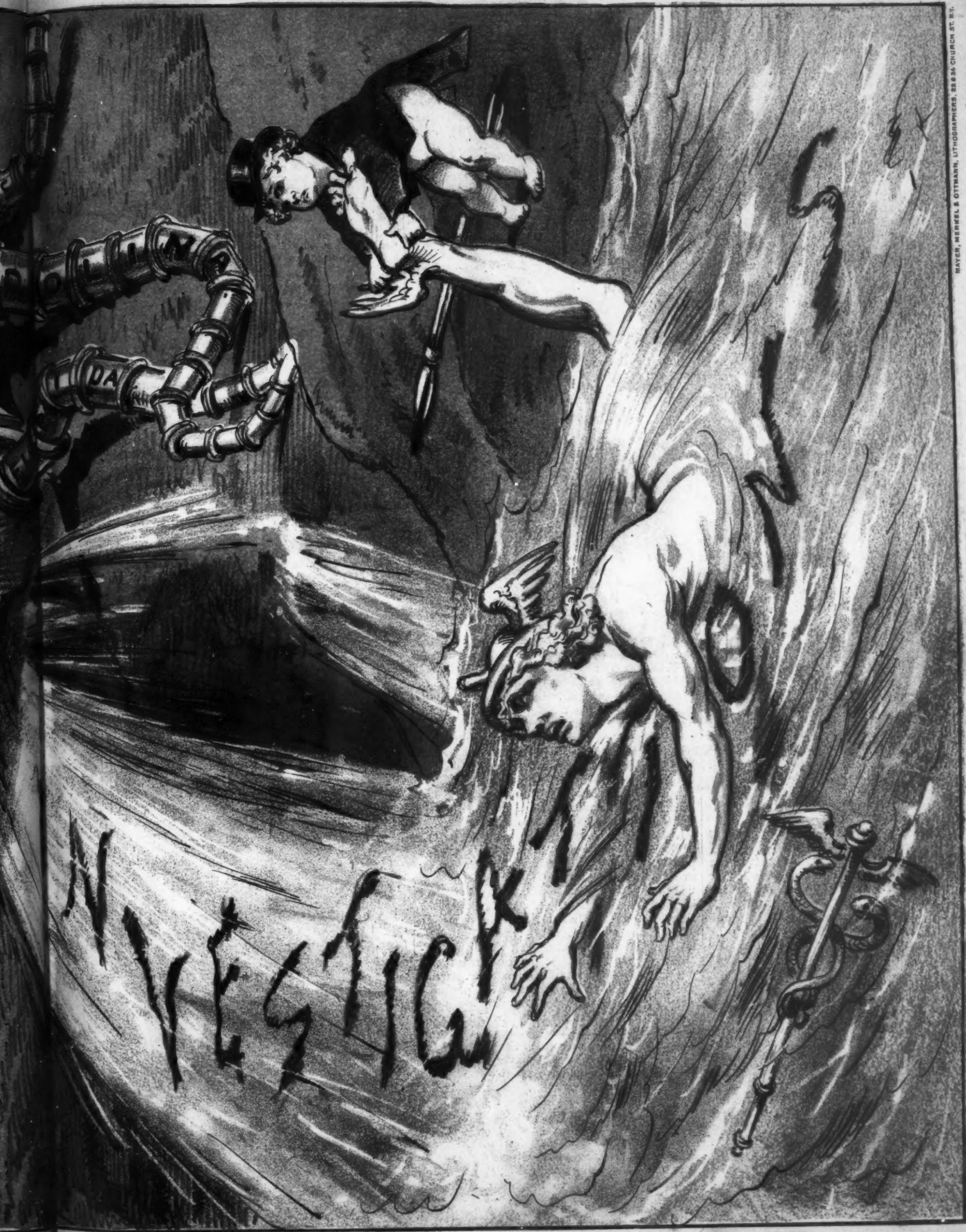
"Here it is," said the assistant, pointing to a hogshead in a corner. My friend removed his nose-clip for a moment to smell the contents.

(Continued on page 10.)









WILLIAM B. ECKHART, LITHOGRAPHER, 223 N. CHURCH ST. N.Y.

OFFICE OF PUCK 3 NORTH WILLIAM ST. N.Y.

## OPEN AGAIN.

Puck:—"Thunder and Mars! All this vile flood loose again to drown our commerce and everything else!"



## QUITE THE CHEESE.

(Continued from page 7.)

"Scarcely rancid enough yet," was his verdict. "Couldn't you tone it up with a little of that slag from the gas-works?"

Then we stepped into the pump-room. "We draw," explained my partner, direct from the New York sewers, by a pipe laid across the river."

"But—" said I.

He interrupted me again. "When we are through—you shall know all. Do you recognize this object?"

He lifted up a nauseating something.

"This is a boiled owl. You have heard of a man 'drunk as a boiled owl'? Well, here you behold the actual article—the traditional 'biled owl.'"

"What do you do with it?"

"Wait!" was his mysterious reply.

I waited. I waited half an hour in a room where workmen were mixing several of the charming ingredients I have mentioned. To see them amalgamate the corpses with the Sauer Kraut and guano was something to make the gods glad.

It made me sick.

Then my friend led me into the room where the mash was run into moulds, pressed, steam-dried, and made ready for shipment.

After that my basin and I passed into the courtyard of the factory, where we saw the cakes, carefully boxed, piled up on carts. I observed that the addresses on the packages were those of well-known and highly-respectable grocers in this city and vicinity.

One large cake, as yet unboxed, stood in the centre of the yard. It was of a peculiar strength, and bore the mark *ATS*. I suppose this referred to the quality.

"Now," said I, as, gaining the comparatively pure atmosphere of a neighboring bone-boiling establishment, "now will you inform me what is this abode of horror through which I have just passed? What is this infernal business in which I have embarked my fortune? To what hellish traffic am I indebted for the dividends you pay me monthly? Tell me, oh, tell me, what am I, that I mix guano and Sauer Kraut, steal corpses, pump sewer-water, and swim in rancid oil—WHAT am I?"

"You are," said my friend, "a LIMBURGER CHEESE Manufacturer!"

REVEALATOR.

## WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

ENGLISH VIC is getting extravagant in her old age. In that remarkable telegram to her daughter, Mrs. Lorne, she threw away a clean two-dollar bill, by using the words "say so." "Delighted at reception" would have been sufficient. Louise would be sure to "say so." Of course the Direct Cable Company is rejoicing at the wealth that has unexpectedly flown into its coffers, and the half-yearly dividend, without doubt, will be increased—but the poor British taxpayer suffers. Sir Stafford Northcote, the Chancellor of Exchequer, will move next week, in the English House of Commons in committee of supply, "That an extra sum of eight shillings and fourpence be granted to Her Majesty, being the cost of two redundant words in a cable message, conveying to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) Her Majesty's satisfaction at the reception of Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) in the Dominion of Canada." The motion will probably be carried *nem con*, but if Vicky is going to continue to lavish money in this reckless fashion, she'll have her subjects kick.

## PORTRAIT OF MRS. HAYES.



The peculiarity in her appearance is explained by the fact that she always endeavors to keep an eye on her husband.

## THE THEATRES.

At the UNION SQUARE Mr. Bronson Howard's play, with a bow-window and mansard roof by Mr. A. R. Cazauran, has made a hit with the critics and with the public. Perhaps the marvelous beauty of the setting, and the care and finish of the acting, blind us to the fact that the drama is scarcely more than a careful piece of mechanical construction for the first three acts. There is little heart in the work until the story draws near its close; but here the quality quite makes up for the earlier deficiency in quantity. The comedy of "The Banker's Daughter" is one of its strongest points—occasionally farcical; but throughout bright and spontaneous. Mr. Thorne and Miss Jewett carry the serious interest of the piece with dignity and intelligence; Miss Maud Harrison, and Messrs. Polk, Lemoyne and Stoddart, give us one of the best bits of comedy characterization New York has seen in a long time. Mr. Lingham and Mr. C. B. Bowser counterbalance these excellences in the cast by playing a couple of Frenchmen in a way that ought to make the whole Gallic population of this city rise up in red-handed riot. Mr. Ramsey has been intrusted with a rather too important part, which he handles somewhat amateurishly; but with a pretty clear idea of what he would like to do if he had the skill. These little matters are in some degree drawbacks; but taken as a whole, "The Banker's Daughter" is, in itself, its scenic setting, and its representation, the best *show*, though by no means the best play, that the UNION SQUARE has offered the public since "Led Astray."

WALLACK'S stage is given over to a German play rather too loose in construction and flabby in sentiment to please the American public. "My Son" is simple and not wholly dramatic in motive; and made its success on the German stage principally because the leading rôle, *Herr Weigel*, is a strong character part. In the English version Mr. Gilbert plays the self-made German plutocrat; but of course found it a part distinctly out of his line. Mr. Barron bears away most of the honors of the performance as *Rudolph Stock*—a truly artistic genre sketch. The rest belong to Mr. Beckett, who 'does' a melomaniac, with an admirable make-up, and a number of funny lines, of which he makes the most possible. The piece is very prettily set.

Mr. Barney Macauley, one of the best-known actors in the western circuit, is at the BROADWAY, where he has decidedly "taken" the public by his performance in "A Messenger from Jarvis Section." If the play is not quite as meritorious as the performance of the principal actor, it at least serves as a vehicle for a great deal of clever character comedy, and seems to be quite satisfactory to the not over critical theatre-going public.

## THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

OUR neighbors over the border have just stopped in time. Had their loyal craze continued much longer, they would have fallen considerably in PUCK's estimation. It is not too late, however, to give them a little advice. They must learn to suppress their feelings, notwithstanding they have a daughter of the most prominent person in England among them.

This wife of their Governor-General is described as a very nice young woman—although coming from a stock that is not nice. Her fortunate mother is a commonplace sort of person. The most wonderful thing she ever did was to tumble on the throne of a pretty big empire. There she very properly sticks and saves as much money as she can, surrounded by semi-barbaric pomp, which pays more regard to the very unimportant person than to the high office which she but indifferently fills.

Now, you dear little Canadian boys, PUCK has no desire to undermine your loyalty for your—and we may say our—great mother country; but don't be poor snobs, and bother yourselves about royalty or hereditary aristocracy, which, among all sensible people, is "played out." People can't be more than cultured ladies and gentlemen if they're descended from Brian Boru or Alfred the Great, and very often they can't be that.

If your young Governor signs his name constitutionally and behaves himself—and he'll do it—all right; if he doesn't, snub him. But don't think you've got a demi-god and goddess among you. You will find them but ordinary flesh and blood.

## Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—You are donating her verdigris in a hamper.

MELIA.—Young woman, you are simply taffy incarnate. You are too sweet to exist, except in the capacity of a sugar-refinery. Cease to overwhelm us with your honeyed compliments, shake out your angel wings and fly where your style of humor meets with adequate appreciation.

S. S. SALOMON.—"Boundless" wouldn't rhyme to "Proudless," even if there were such a word as "proudless," which there never was. If there were, we should apply it to you, though we really doubt if there is enough elasticity and sulphur and exoriativeness, so to speak, about it to express its extent of our feelings toward you. We have "proudlessly" chucked your poem into the waste-basket.

E. S. W., Wallingford, Conn.—We're very sorry you didn't like that article—sorry, because we shall be obliged to cause you a good deal of snuffing in the future. You'll have to get your system toned up to stand several more doses of the same kind of medicine. If you could use a little vitriol, from time to time, as a mild tonic, you might be better prepared to digest some of the literature we have in store for young men of your delicate constitution.

MINX.—You do yourself injustice. You are an angel—a duck—a dear—a peri—and a darling. You alone, of all the embattled host, have written to us say that you love us—without asking us to insert an article. Perhaps you mean to send the article to us next week. But no—we won't believe it. Your affection for PUCK is pure and disinterested. You will not send us a sentimental poem, nor an awful collection of Vassarian paragraphs. You have no guile in you, beloved "Minx," and if any contribution comes to us signed with your name, we shall believe it not genuine and promptly waste-basket it.



## BIANCA.

W. E. NORRIS IN "BELGRAVIA."

(Concluded.)

"I AM not bound to answer your questions, Herr Graf," I replied; "but, as things have turned out, I have no special objection to doing so. Out of pure good nature to your son, who was detained by duty in Venice at the last moment, I consented to bring the Signorina Marinelli here yesterday, and to await his arrival, which I am now expecting."

"So you ran away with the girl, instead of Albrecht, did you? Ho, ho, ho!"

I had seldom heard a more grating or disagreeable laugh.

"I did nothing of the sort," I answered tartly. "I simply undertook to see her safely through the first stage of her journey."

"And you will have the pleasure of seeing her back, I imagine; for as for my rascal of a boy, I mean to take him off home with me as soon as he arrives; and I can assure you that I have no intention of providing myself with a daughter-in-law in the course of the day."

I began to feel not a little alarmed. "You cannot have the brutality to leave me here with a young woman whom I am scarcely so much as acquainted with on my hands!" I ejaculated, half involuntarily. "What in the world should I do?"

The old gentleman gave vent to a malevolent chuckle. "Upon my word, sir," said he, "I can only see one course open to you as a man of honor. You must marry her yourself."

At this I fairly lost all patience, and gave the Graf my opinion of his conduct in terms the plainness of which left nothing to be desired. I included him, his son, and the entire German people in one sweeping anathema. No Englishman, I said, would have been capable of either insulting an innocent lady, or of so basely leaving in the lurch one whose only fault had been a too great readiness to sacrifice his own convenience to the interests of others. My indignation lent me a flow of words such as I should never have been able to command in calmer moments; and I daresay I should have continued in the same strain for an indefinite time, had I not been summarily cut short by the entrance of a third person.

There was no occasion for this last intruder to announce himself, in a voice of thunder, as the Marchese Marinelli. I had at once recognized the original of the Signorina's photograph, and I perceived that I was now in about as uncomfortable a position as my bitterest enemy could have desired for me. The German old gentleman had been very angry at the outset; but his wrath, as compared with that of the Italian, was as a breeze to a hurricane. The Marchese was literally quivering from head to foot with concentrated fury. His face was deadly white, his strongly-marked features twitched convulsively, his eyes blazed like those of a wild animal. Having stated his identity in the manner already referred to, he made two strides towards the table by which I was seated, and stood glaring at me as though he would have sprung at my throat. I thought it might avert consequences which we should both afterwards deplore if I were to place the table between us; and I did so without loss of time. From the other side of that barrier I adjured my visitor to keep cool, pledging him my word, in the same breath, that there was no harm done as yet.

"No harm!" he repeated, in a strident shout that echoed through the bare room. "Dog! Villain! You ensnare my daughter's affections—you entice her away from her father's house—you cover my family with eternal disgrace—and then you dare to tell me that there is no

harm done! Wait a little, and you shall see that there will be harm enough for you. Marry her you must, since you have ruined her, but you shall die for it the next day! It is I—I, Ludovico Marinelli—who swear it!"

I am aware that I do but scant justice to the Marchese's inimitable style. The above sentences must be imagined as hurled forth in a series of yells, with a pant between each of them. As a melodramatic actor, this terrific Marinelli would, I am sure, have risen to the first rank in his profession.

"Signore," I said, "you are under a misapprehension. I have ensnared nobody's affections, and I am entirely guiltless of all the crimes which you are pleased to attribute to me."

"What? Are you not, then, the hound who bears the vile and dishonored name of von Rosenau?"

"I am not. I bear the less distinguished, but, I hope, equally respectable patronymic of Jenkinson."

But my modest disclaimer passed unheeded, for now another combatant had thrown himself into the fray.

"Vile and dishonored name! No one shall permit himself such language in my presence. I am Lieutenant-General Graf von Rosenau, sir, and you shall answer to me for your words."

The Herr Graf's knowledge of Italian was somewhat limited; but, such as it was, it had enabled him to catch the sense of the stigma cast upon his family, and now he was upon his feet, red and gobbling, like a turkey-cock, and prepared to do battle with a hundred irate Venetians, if need were.

The Marchese stared at him in blank amazement. "You!" he ejaculated—"You von Rosenau! It is incredible—preposterous. Why, you are old enough to be her grandfather."

"Not old enough to be in my dotage—as I should be, if I permitted my son to marry a beggarly Italian—nor too old to punish impertinence as it deserves," retorted the Graf.

"Your son? You are the father, then? It is all the same to me. I will fight you both. But the marriage shall take place first."

"It shall not."

"It shall."

"Insolent slave of an Italian, I will make you eat your words!"

"Triple brute of a German, I spit upon you!"

"Silence, sir!"

"Silence yourself!"

During this animated dialogue I sat apart, softly rubbing my hands. What a happy dispensation it would be, I could not help thinking, if these two old madmen were to exterminate one another, like the Kilkenny cats! Anyhow, their attention was effectually diverted from my humble person, and that was something to be thankful for.

Never before had I been privileged to listen to so rich a vocabulary of vituperation. Each disputant had expressed himself, after the first few words, in his own language, and between them they were now making hubbub enough to bring the old house down about their ears. Up came the padrona to see the fun; up came her fat husband, in his shirt-sleeves and slippers; and her long-legged sons, and her touzle-headed daughter, and the maid-servant, and the cook, and the hostler—the whole establishment, in fact, collected at the open folding-doors, and watched with delight the progress of this battle of words. Last of all, a poor little trembling figure, with pale face and eyes big with fright, crept in, and stood, hand on heart, a little in advance of the group. I slipped to her side, and offered her a chair, but she neither answered me nor noticed my presence. She was staring at her father as a bird stares at a snake, and seemed unable to realize anything

except the terrible fact that he had followed and found her.

Presently the old man wheeled round, and became aware of the presence of his daughter.

"Unhappy girl!" he exclaimed, "what is this that you have done?"

I greatly fear that the Marchese's paternal corrections must have sometimes taken a more practical shape than mere verbal upbraidings; for poor Bianca shrank back, throwing up one arm, as if to shield her face, and, with a wild cry of "Alberto! Come to me!" fell into the arms of that tardy lover, who at this appropriate moment had made his appearance, unobserved, upon the scene.

The polyglot disturbance that ensued baffles all description. Indeed, I should be puzzled to say exactly what took place, or after how many commands, defiance, threats, protestations, insults and explanations, a semblance of peace was finally restored. I only know that, at the expiration of a certain time, three of us were sitting by the open window, in a softened and subdued frame of mind, considerably turning our backs upon the other two, who were bidding one another farewell at the further end of the room.

It was the faithless Johann, as I gathered, who was responsible for this catastrophe. His heart, it appeared, had failed him when he had discovered that nothing less than a bonâ-fide marriage was to be the outcome of the meetings he had shown so much skill in contriving, and full of penitence and alarm, he had written to his old master, divulging the whole project. It so happened that a recent storm in the mountains had interrupted telegraphic communication, for the time, between Austria and Venice, and the only course that had seemed open to Herr von Rosenau was to start post-haste for the latter place, where, indeed, he would have arrived a day too late, had not Albrecht's Colonel seen fit to postpone his leave. In this latter circumstance also the hand of Johann seemed discernible. As for the Marchese, I suppose he must have returned rather sooner than had been expected from Padua, and finding his daughter gone, must have extorted the truth from his housekeeper. He did not volunteer any explanation of his presence, nor were any of us bold enough to question him.

As I have said before, I have no very clear recollection of how an understanding was arrived at, and bloodshed averted, and the padrona and her satellites hustled down-stairs again. Perhaps I may have had some share in the work of pacification. Be that as it may, when once the exasperated parents had discovered that they both really wanted the same thing—namely, to recover possession of their respective offspring, to go home, and never meet one another again—a species of truce was soon agreed upon between them for the purpose of separating the two lovers, who all this time were locked in one another's arms, in the prettiest attitude in the world, vowing loudly that nothing should ever part them.

How often since the world began have such vows been made and broken—broken, not willingly but of necessity—broken and mourned over, and, in due course of time, forgotten! I looked at the Marchesa di San Silvestro the other night, as she sailed up the room in her lace and diamonds, with her fat little husband toddling after her, and wondered whether, in these days of her magnificence, she ever gave a thought to her lost Alberto—Alberto, who has been married himself this many a long day, and has succeeded to his father's estates, and has a numerous family, I am told. At all events, she was unhappy enough over parting with him at the time. The two old gentlemen who, as holders of the purse-strings, knew that they were completely masters of the situation, and could afford to be generous, showed some



kindliness of feeling at the last. They allowed the poor lovers an uninterrupted half hour in which to bid one another adieu for ever, and abstained from any needless harshness in making their decision known. When the time was up, two traveling-carriages were seen waiting at the door. Count von Rosenau pushed his son before him into the first; the Marchese assisted the half-fainting Bianca into the second: the vetturini cracked their whips, and presently both vehicles were rolling away, the one towards the north, the other towards the south. I suppose the young people had been promising to remain faithful to one another until some happier future time should permit of their union, for at the last moment Albrecht thrust his head out of the carriage window, and, waving his hand, cried, "A rivederci!" I don't know whether they ever met again.

The whole scene, I confess, had affected me a good deal, in spite of some of the absurdities by which it had been marked; and it was not until I had been alone for some time, and silence had once more fallen upon the Longarone osteria, that I awoke to the fact, that it was my carriage which the Marchese Marinelli had calmly appropriated to his own use, and there was no visible means of my getting back to Venice that day. Great was my anger and great my dismay when the hostler announced this news to me, with a broad grin, in reply to my order to put the horses to without delay.

"But the Marchese himself—how did he get here?" I inquired.

"Oh, he came by the diligence."

"And the Count—the young gentleman?"

"On horseback, signore; but you cannot have his horse. The poor beast is half dead as it is."

"Then will you tell me how I am to escape from your infernal town? For nothing shall induce me to pass another night here."

"Eh! there is the diligence which goes through at two o'clock in the morning!"

There was no help for it. I sat up for that diligence; and returned by it to Mestre, seated between a Capuchin monk and a peasant-farmer, whose whole system appeared to be saturated with garlic. I could scarcely have fared worse in my bed at Longarone.

And so that was my reward for an act of disinterested kindness. It is only experience that can teach a man to appreciate the ingrained thanklessness of the human race. I was obliged to make a clean breast of it to my sister; who of course did not keep the secret long, and for some time afterwards I had to submit to a good deal of mild chaff upon the subject from my friends. But it is an old story now, and two of the actors in it are dead, and of the remaining three I dare say I am the only one who cares to recall it. Even to me it is a somewhat painful reminiscence.

[END.]

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Will banished be, with joy too great to men-  
tion,

No lamps blown up by Biddy's apt complicity,  
No evil following save gas stock's sure declen-  
sion.

But—allowance must be made for eccentricity,  
Before we make too jubilant publicity.

—S. in Boston Post.



#### Puck's Arranges.

WINTER came in very Dec-ently.—*Boston Post.*

A DIRT-cart is a real estate conveyance.—*Buffalo Every Saturday.*

It takes more than one man-tiller to keep a farm warm.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

DAN RICE's white horse, Excelsior, has died again, this time in St. Louis.—*Derrick.*

BOATS expecting to go up Red River now should carry water with them.—*Picayune.*

IN furnishing a house the most hat-racktive furniture should be placed in the hall.—*Awful Picayune.*

REPORTS of epidemics are printed in large letters, so that he who reads may run.—*N. O. Picayune.*

As Christmas approaches, there will be a great deal of fiat goodness among the children.—*Whitehall Times.*

PEOPLE that purchase Buffalo papers think that they get too much Conkling for the money.—*Buffalo Every Saturday.*

THE next time Mr. Stewart dies, he will know better than to trust Judge Hilton with the combination.—*Hawkeye.*

A CHAP who runs a two-billiard-table establishment boasts elsewhere that he owns a handsome pair of baize.—*Newark Call.*

THE Pullmans are not newspaper men, but they got out an extrædition of their own when they caught Angell.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

THE English, in their advance upon the Ameer, have captured Ali Musjid, and they are Ali Musjiddy over it.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

THE noble red man knows not the use of drawers, and yet the government is squandering money on Indian bureaus.—*Rome Sentinel.*

WHY was Lorne, during the voyage, like Ole King Cole? Because he was constantly calling either for his pipe or his bowl.—*Phila. Evg. Bulletin.*

A LECTURE with such a title as this, ought to take in Chicago. "Some Mistakes of a Bank President or a Trip Through Europe."—*Wheeling Leader.*

"WHOSE grave is safe?" inquires the *Yonkers Gazette*. Well, Stewart's and Baron de Palm's will probably do as examples.—*Wheeling Leader.*

THE great men of Philadelphia are passing away at an alarming rate. The next to go may be the policeman who dies his mustache.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

THE New Orleans *Picayune* says that Talmage is sowing wild oats in the pulpit. He seems to be reaping a pretty good harvest in the vestry.—*N.Y. Comm Adv.*

ANTHONY COMSTOCK was intensely pleased with the large amount of "dressed" poultry in the market, and PUCK shook hands with Anthony.—*New Haven Register.*

PUCK thinks the proper way to confine prisoners is to put them in petticoats and pull-backs. Probably a suggestion that tights will cure tights.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

WILHELMJ and his fiddle aggregate one hundred and eighty-five years. If you want to find out how old Wilhelmj is, take his fiddle away from him.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"CAUSEUR" of the *Transcript* acknowledges the receipt of a letter from "Louise." If Lorne finds that out he will Causeur vacancy in the *Transcript* force p. d. q.—*Boston Post.*

YESTERDAY a policeman arrested a boy who had an onion tied in the corner of his handkerchief. The charge against him was, carrying concealed weepins.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

THE worm and the barrel-hoop are very much alike in this respect, that they turn when trod upon.—PUCK. Cider is superior to both. It turns without requiring this step.—*Wheeling Leader.*

OUR forefathers pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors, and this is the result of it: The citizens of Philadelphia have to pay a tax-rate of \$2.05 on the \$100.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

THE Afghan war names will drive all printers and telegraph operators crazy. We do not know or care what the Khurds of Khyber intend doing. Kher-suppose they Kher-cheehese it.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THERE is a lively contest at a Brooklyn fair for a \$200 sword, to be given to the most popular regimental officer. Chaplain Beecher stands third, but the women will rally for him on the homestretch.—*Boston Post.*

PUCK's cartoon this week, on the hunt for Stewart's remains, is admirable. So is the Murphy take-off. The young gentleman clothed mainly in a swallow-tail coat shows little mercy in handling frauds.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

THE shadow of crime which has rested so heavily upon Connecticut was lifted somewhat a few days ago when seventeen Connecticut roosters completely whipped seventeen New York roosters—killing the most of them, we are delighted to mention.—*Danbury News.*

INDEPENDENTS elected to Legislatures are the most independent of all politicians when they hold the balance of power. They are independent of party and caucuses, and may reserve the privilege of selling out to either side.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"SHOOTING at Bridgeport" is a sensational head-line in the *Pittsburgh Telegraph*. Bridgeport is such an insignificant place that, although we did not read the article, we take it for granted that the shootist missed the whole town slick as a whistle.—*Derrick.*

ONE of the members of the Chinese Embassy at Washington was about to touch a buzz saw the other day to see if it was going, when a workman pulled him away and assured him that it was. The Chinaman looked doubtful, however, and only waits another chance.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE delicately satiric cartoon of PUCK on the celebrated picture of "Charles V. Entering Antwerp," must convince Anthony Comstock that he has made a fool of himself. In other words, that the legend of that funny sheet—"What fools these mortals be," applies with especial emphasis to himself.—*Camden Post.*

A DILAPIDATED and unwashed specimen of humanity was caught in the kitchen of a downtown residence yesterday. He was standing on a chair searching the upper shelves of the dresser. When interrogated he replied that he was a New York detective, and was "looking for Stewart's body." The excuse availed him not. He showed altogether too much enterprise for a New York detective.—*Norristown Herald.*



THE Boston Transcript informs us that Miss Frances E. Willard has returned to Chicago, and will devote herself to temperance this winter. We are glad to hear this, for while we have never seen Miss Willard intoxicated, it certainly is a rueful spectacle to see a handsome young woman in this condition. It occurs to us, however, that she might have found a better place than Chicago in which to turn over the new leaf.—Derrick.

PETER A. TIGHE, of Memphis, died of yellow fever, and so did the doctor, clergyman and undertaker who attended to him and officiated at his funeral; so an insurance company which required their certificate has refused to pay over the sum for which his life was insured. The day is not far distant when an insurance company will not issue a policy unless it contains a clause invalidating the instrument upon the death of its holder—only operative so long as the man is healthy enough to pay money into the hands of the company. This would be a trifle one-sided, we know, but the insured man's family would know what to expect after his death.—Norristown Herald.

JUDGE HILTON—Dear Sir: Yours at hand. We think something like the following will do: "Whereas, the grave of the late Mr. A. T. Stewart having been broken into and the remains feloniously abstracted therefrom, a reward of \$75,000 will be paid for evidence that will lead to the recovery of the body and the conviction of the thieves. Large invoices of goods received daily. In our silk and glove department we offer some rare bargains. All goods marked down until after the holidays. Country produce taken in exchange for goods."—Oil City Derrick.

PEOPLE who ride on the Woodward Avenue route have often noticed that when a certain tall, solemn-looking man, aged about 50, boards a full car, he always holds a whispered conversation with some man who at once gives him a seat and retires to the platform. The tall man never has to stand and hang to the strap simply because he understands human nature. Glancing around the car he selects his victim, bends down and confidentially whispers:

"Make no move to attract attention, and listen carefully to what I say. You have an ink-stain on your nose, and your necktie is unfastened. Step out on the platform a moment and brush up."

The victim steps out there every time, and after he has wiped away at his nose and pulled away at his tie he looks into the car to see the tall man enjoying the vacated seat with the greatest comfort. Life is full of base deceptions, and yet innocent people are powerless to meet them.—Detroit Free Press.

THE sheriff of Chester county visited the "Upland murderer" in the Eastern Penitentiary a few days ago, and found him whittling a fiddle out of a piece of pine board. The sheriff was so much pleased with the prisoner's ingenuity, that when he returned home he purchased a new violin and forwarded it to the convicted murderer. Now, the sheriff meant well enough, but after mature reflection he must see that his act was one of mistaken generosity. There may be persons in the Eastern Penitentiary who are not murderers, and who do not deserve such an awful punishment. The "Upland" chap is locked up in his cell, and when he begins to saw on his fiddle—perhaps attempt to play "Grandfather's Clock"—all the inmates of the prison must suffer, without being able to throw bricks, or clubs, or even to shoot the cause of their woe. It's mighty rough on 'em. But perhaps it will teach them to keep out of prison next time.—Norristown Herald.

"BRETHREN, before we sing the next verse of 'John Brown's body lies all mouldy in the grave,' let us take a look into the grave and see that it is there." In these days of Ohio medical colleges a cemetery isn't no safer than a savings bank, and it may be that political glee clubs, who have been singing the song quoted above have been chanting a rhythmic lie for the past fifteen years.—Hawkeye.

TALMAGE, speaking of the terror a policeman inspires in the breast of a villain, says it is "because he is a representative of the law and the law is supported by God." We hope that the reverend gentleman was particular about the punctuation of the sentence. There is profanity in it, if not handled carefully.—New Haven Register.

PUCK, the brightest, most artistic and funniest illustrated paper published in the world, is getting quite a host of readers in Wheeling. Its cartoons on prominent men and events are immense in conception, and drawn in the happiest manner by the famous Keppler. Get a copy for ten cents and have ten dollars' worth of amusement out of it.—Wheeling Leader.

THE Court. This morning H. R. H. the Princess Louise, accompanied by Lady Sophia MacNamara, fed the St. Bernard puppy "Bertha," and afterwards granted an audience to a Montreal modiste. His Excellency walked out, accompanied by his pipe and his piper. He wrote a poem during the forenoon on "Beautiful Snow." A reception was held without gloves in the evening.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

THE unpleasantest part of the break in stocks to our mind is, that the man who confidently informed us last week that he could clean up with a hundred thousand dollars, came into the office this morning to borrow four bits for his breakfast. It is aggravating, when you have just made up your mind to borrow a hundred or two from a lucky speculator, to find out that he has only got it in his mind, in his alleged brain, his supposititious cerebrum, his apology for occipital medulla.—San Fran. News-Letter.

POND'S EXTRACT.—The Great Family Medicine of the Age differs from all advertised preparations, in the fact that it is a standard medicine of recognized merit, and has for many years been treated of in medical writings. It has been the chief reliance of thousands of families for all the minor ailments, accidents or casualties that have occurred among them. As an ALLEVIATOR of PAIN and a promoter of permanent cure it has no equal. Ask your druggist about it.



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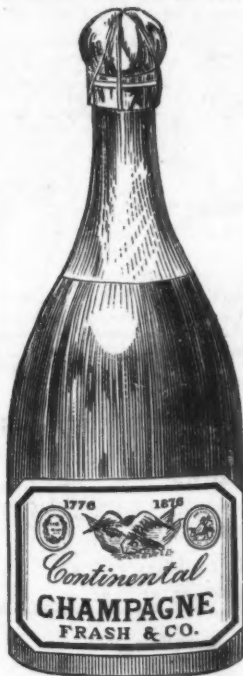
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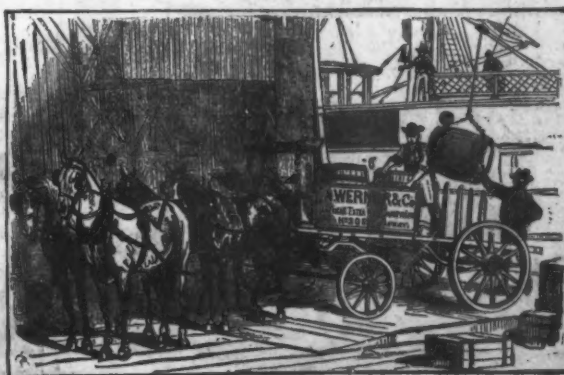
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5 Prizes of 1,000	5,000
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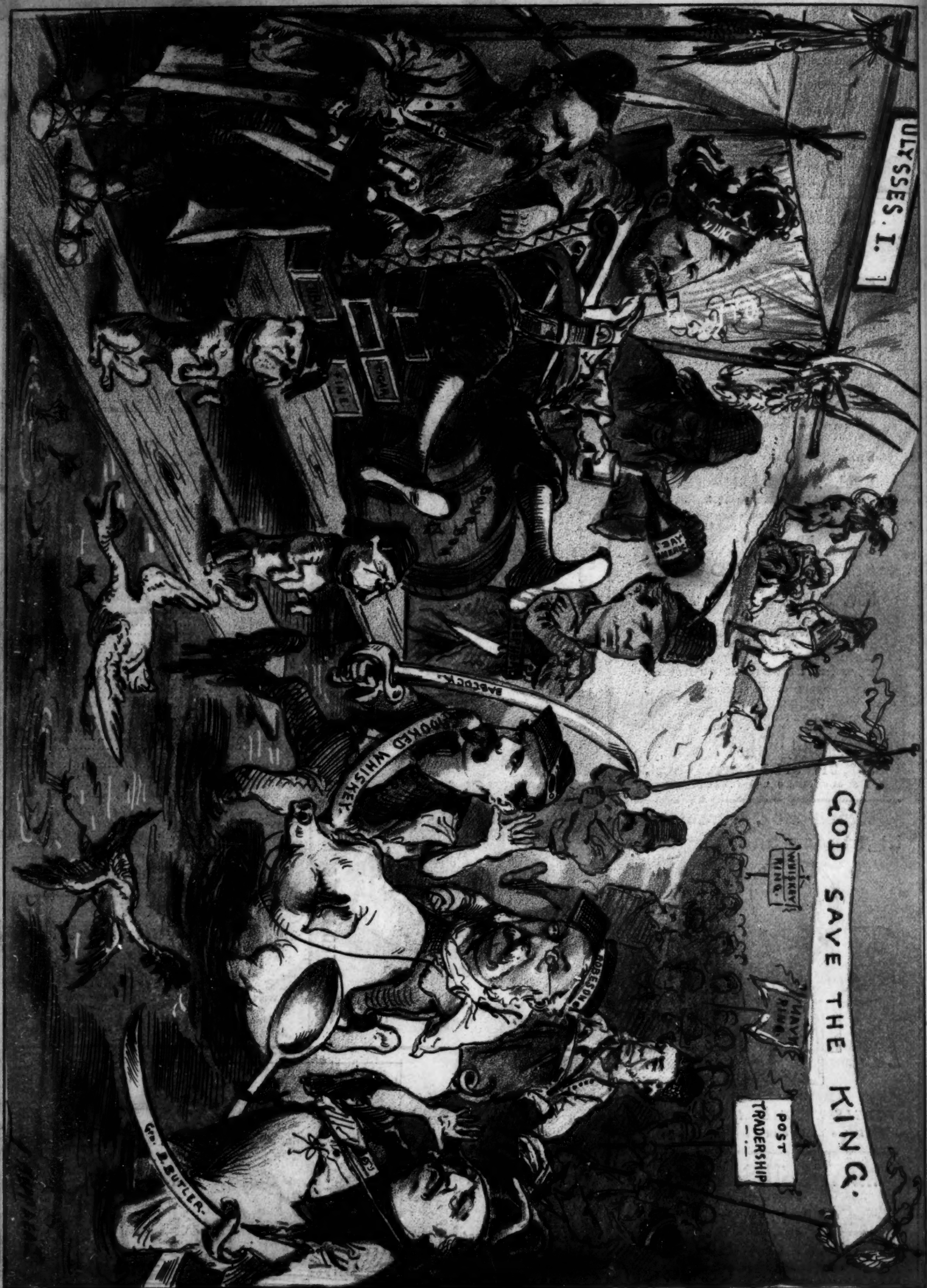
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